A

SATYR

ON THE

Kentish-Men

AND

—TE, the Poet.

By Andrew D[illegible]

LONDON:

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Printed, and Sold by the Booksellers of London and
Westminster. 1701.

A SATYR ON THE Kentish-Men AND T—TE, the Poet.

SHALL Britain's Bards permit the Bays
Of British Bards to crown their Enemies or praise;
While Britain's Poets idle Muses stand by,
Shall Albions Foes usurp their Deserved Meed,
While

While *Kentiſh* Faction their juſt Acts decry?
Would *Spencer*, *Waller* and ſuch Bards of Senſe
Comply with factious *T--te's* vain Impudence?
Or will fam'd *Witcherly* and *Congreve* Sing
Encomium's to ſo baſe, ſo vile a thing
As Modern *Kentiſh* Conduct, or *T--te's* Offering?
Shall theſe not each convert his charming Muſe
Into deep Satyr, and reſent th' Abuſe
And Inſolence of theſe dictating Five,
Who would the Nation of her Law deprive;
Convert our Government in the Concluſion
To downright Anarchy and Confuſion?
For ſhould our prudent Legiſlators give
(The Prime of all the Country where they live)
Their Power to *Will* and *Tom* and every Aſs,
To dictate what both ſhall and ſhall not paſs,
And ere they give their Votes of *Yea* and *Noe*,
Shall wait the Motion of each Drone below;
Inſtead of having Men of Worth and Senſe,
To repreſent you at their own Expence,
Your Money would not purchaſe their Conſent,
Such faithleſs, factious Fools to repreſent.

Say *Kentiſh* Blocks, and *T--te*, Would you unhinge
The Bulwark of our Laws and juſt Power infringe?
Will ye obey your Pariſh-Veſtry's Voice,
And yet reflect on your whole Country's Choice?
Shall Church-warden and Conſtable ſedate
Demand Complyance with what they debate?
And you, thro' Folly, Envy, Pride and Paſſion,
Dare ye direct the Council of the Nation?
Here's ſix bold Coxcombs, only fit to Laugh at!
Five *Kentiſh* K----s and *T---te*, their Poet-Laureat!
Worthies (he ſays they are) of what? pray boaſt?
Of *Newgate*, *Tyburn* or a *Whipping-Poſt*?
Sure, *W---te*, thy Graver ne'er ſuch Heads expos'd,
Their very Minds thou plainly haſt diſclos'd.
Here's ſuch a Complex of ill Nature fixt,
With Envy, Pride and Impudence, ſo mixt,
That he who runs may read and truly gueſs
Their fooliſh factious Minds by the Impreſs.
A PICTURE which all honeſt wiſe Men ſcorn
Should ought but their Convenient-houſe adorn!
And for that Uſe *Co---ril* no doubt does find
The better part of Cuſtomers enclin'd
To buy, t' provoke a Stool, if Nature bind.

Others, who buy, will only them afford
A place within the Seat, with Piſs and T--d,
That ſo as often as they want to eaſe
Themſelves, may Sh--t upon a *Kentiſh* Face.
Dread (hare-brain'd Wiſeacres) th' approaching Spring,
When your Inſults the Parliament will bring
To condign Puniſhment, and *T--le* no more
Shall have the Bays which he ſo long has wore,
But which ſhall be from his vile Temples tore.
Poor, ſoftly, factious Tool! who'll pitty thee,
So blindly ſtupid, that thou could'ſt not ſee
How well the King and Parliament agree?
Think not thy *Kentiſh* Worthies are inſpir'd,
Or have more Wit than all the World acquir'd:
Read *Mackworth*'s Book, then ſure thou'lt be affraid
To find our Senators not a falſe Step have made;
Likewiſe peruſe the Dialogue 'twixt two Knaves,
Whiglove and *Double*, who would make us Slaves;
View Loyal *Devonſhire*'s Addreſs, and then
Inveigh againſt our Senate, if thou can.
Exeter, which two Worthies repreſent,
That have more Senſe than all the Men in *Kent*.

Such are this *HOUSE of COMMONS* ne'er out-done,
Except by that our King plac'd on his Throne;
This *Devonſhire*'s Grand Jury have thee ſhown.
A GENEROUS HOUSE! Self-Intereſt they reſign'd,
That Priv'ledge of Protection none ſhould find;
But to redreſs all Grievances combin'd;
And willingly the King gave ſuch Supplies
As are not like to prove Deficiencies:
Like faithful Subjects, they the King confide,
And pleas'd are he ſhould Peace or War decide.
The Alliances he makes they will ſuſtain,
And with their Lives and Fortunes them maintain,
To curb th' ambitious Power of *France* and *Spain*.
In the right Line they've ſettled the Succeſſion
Of *England*'s Crown, on thoſe that make Profeſſion,
And are true Members of our *Engliſh* Church,
Leaving both Whig and Papiſt in the Lurch.

Yet why ſuch Rage againſt this Parliament?
Is it becauſe *T—te*'s Worſhip does reſent
That they're remiſs to eſtabliſh his Verſion
Of *David*'s Pſalms t' be Sung throughout the Nation?
Or have the *Kentiſh* Men (thoſe five dull Boors)

Promis'd

Promis'd to ſhove old *Sternhold* out of Doors.
When once this Parliament's Diſſolv'd, and they
In *Houſe of Commons* come to bear a Sway?
O then what Golden Days will *Albion* ſee,
When *Whig*, and *Kent*, and *Jacobite* agree;
And L---ds and Stockjobbers their Votaries be!
Loyal Addreſſes then you'll rarely hear,
But Money-Bills to charm each Miſer's Ear;
And for due Application do not fear.
Theſe L---ds ſuch Faith and Confidence have ſhown,
Occaſion for Commiſſioners there's none.
To ſtate publick Accounts is not the Faſhion,
Tho' offer'd without burthening the Nation.

But how! ſhall *England*'s Commons give Supplies,
And none account to them how he applies
Th' vaſt Summs which from their Loyal Zeal ariſe?
Shall leſs than twice one hundred Men oppoſe
What more than twice ten hundred thouſand does,
When what theſe act are th' others Intereſt,
And to prevent the whole being oppreſt
By corrupt Miniſters and ſelfiſh Cheats,
That fill the honour'd, worthy Patriots Seats.

None

None but the *Poſt-Angel* T--e's Rhimes admire,
Nor none but Whigs the *Poſt-Angel* deſire.
An Angel, pray! of Darkneſs or of Light?
A Dev'l incarnate, take him from my Sight;
A whiggiſh, ignorant, proud, partial Writer,
Who worſhips the black Cloak, but hates the Mitre.
Old Womens Lives (if Whigs) he's ſure t' expoſe,
While Royal *Mary's*, *Tillotſon's*, both thoſe
Prime Luminaries 'ſcape his crude dull Proſe:
Not more Philoſopher or Caſuiſt
Than *Moorfields Bethlemite* or *Balaam's* Beaſt.

Hold, Muſe, forbear, we now ſeem to digreſs
From our propoſed Theme in Satyr-dreſs:
Aſſume thy keeneſt Point, pierce thro' and ſlay
Thoſe *Kentiſh* Men and Poet in thy way.
O! that th' Invectives of harſh *Oldham's* Lyre
Were thine, my Muſe, and would my Breaſt inſpire;
And that the pleaſing Strains of *Blackmore's* Lines
Did but appear in my unpolliſh'd Rhimes.
When thus equipt, I'd ſtraightway charge agen,
And give ſome mortal Wounds to theſe proud Men.

O

Men,

Rob. Wake

Men, did I say! they're rather Monsters grim,
With neither Eyes, nor Ears, nor Mouth, nor Chin,
Nor Sense, nor Brain, nor Wit, nor Soul within;
Void of all Modesty, of Parts and Worth;
They're meer dull Lumps of animated Earth,
That neither think nor mov'd are by Discretion,
Virtue, nor Grace, nor Prudence their Profession:
In brief, they're each a complicated Mass
Of whater's vain or monstrous, vile or base:
They the old *Kentish* Conduct have defac'd,
And all her Sterling Policy debas'd,
Which shall from our best History be rac'd.
Nothing but course Alloy does now remain,
Of choice refin'd Metal not a Grain,
Which they'd for true coin'd Gold pass and maintain,
Had not our *British* Bankers learnt more Sense
Than to take Brass for Gold, Counters for Pence;
But now the Fraud's so plain, each Banker's Boy
Can, thro' the spacious Slubber, see th' Alloy.

May factious *Kentish* Conners have the Fate
Of those who by such Facts disturb our State,
And those who would our Law-makers abridge

Of

Of their juſt Honour, Power and Priviledge:
May the curs'd Fate of Clippers on 'em fall,
And may they ſwing at *Tyburn* one and all:
May *Neptune*'s Waves encroach upon their Lands,
And daily clip their Meads by Stones and Sands.
As *Kent* the Owling Trade ſo long have drive,
May nought but Owls, and Batts, and Foxes live
Upon their Borders: May the whole grow vile,
The leaſt and barren'ſt Country in our Iſle:
May Poverty and want of Thought purſue
(The Plagues of worſt of Poets) as *T--te*'s due;
And may his withering Bays converted be
Into (his whole Eſtate) a Cherry-Tree,
And none out of poor *Kent-Land* may him ſee.

FINIS.

Of their full Heaven, Power and Privilege:
May the curs'd Fate of Clippers on 'em fall,
And may they living at Tyburn one and all:
May Neptune's Waves encroach upon their Lands,
And daily clip their Meads by Stones and Sands.
As Kent the Owling Trade so long have drive,
May nought but Owls, and Bats, and Foxes live
Upon their Borders: May the whole grow vile,
The Seat and barren'st Country in our Isle:
May Poverty and want of Thought pursue
(The Plagues of worst of Poets) as 'tis due;
And may his witching Rays converted be
Into (his whole Effare) a Cherry-Tree,
And none out of pity—and may him see.